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HOLINESS TO THE LORD
THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN^o
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly

Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young

Morgan



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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RUPTURE.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

To Whom it may Concern:

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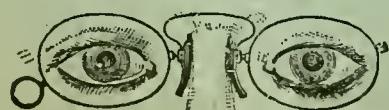
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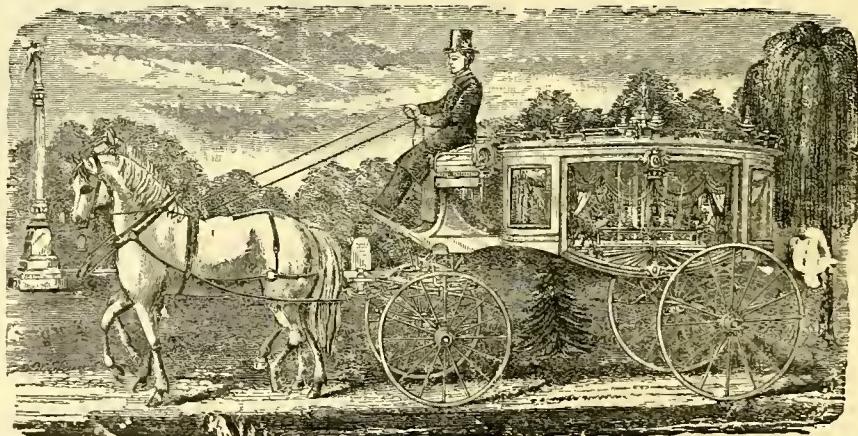
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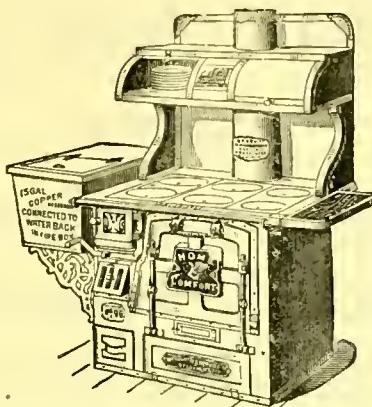
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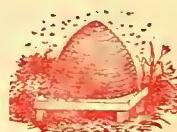
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VOL. XXXII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1897.

No. 14.

THE PIONEERS AND OTHERS.

What They Did and How They Did It.

VIII.—POLITICAL AND JUDICIAL GROWTH.

THAT President Fillmore was a highly respected man in Utah, was evidenced in more ways than one, but in nothing

place for the political center of the commonwealth, hence the change. It was not, as may readily be understood, much of a "city;" according to the rules in such cases made and provided it was hardly entitled to rank as a village, certainly nothing beyond this. In all, per-



JOHN M. BERNHISEL.



ELIAS SMITH.

more than in conferring his name upon the settlement selected as the capital of the Territory—the Christian part of it falling there, the surname going to the county; Fillmore City, Millard County. The place was originally called Chalk Creek, but this was much too common-

haps some twenty families had located there, but no matter. New places require new treatment. The State-builders, imbued with the true spirit of their craft, looked above and beyond their surroundings and, making the most of what they had, could well afford to wait

for the future to come to them without rushing needlessly and foolishly toward it. The funds for a State Capitol building—\$20,000—were appropriated by Congress and a wing of the structure was erected, in which one session of the Legislature and no more was held. Perhaps by that time it dawned upon the solons, that this city was the proper place for the laws to be brought forth in, at least it was good enough. It is a matter of common belief that their judgment in this matter was good; the "capitol," so far as it went, was, and is a very ordinary sort of building, entirely devoid of architectural features, and looking more like a misfit jail than anything else.

Congress was evidently in a generous mood for some years after the peopling of the Territory. It exhibited a disposition to help the people along such as, if exhibited nowadays, might cause if it did not amount to a revolution. Appropriations were not only liberal and reasonably frequent, but were made without too much delay. In 1851, the national lawmakers gave the people here \$5,000 with which to establish a Territorial library. The books were purchased and forwarded by Delegate Bernhisel and this exceedingly useful, and greatly needed institution was thus upplied at a very early stage of the commonwealth's existence.

Up to the winter of 1852, the only judicial system of the Territory was that which the general Government had instituted and controlled. This was scarcely comprehensive enough for a large and rapidly growing community, and the Legislative session of that winter improved the system by making it as ample and ramified as it had previously been meagre and centralized. Nine counties were organized and a

Probate Judge appointed for each; these were Salt Lake, Weber, Davis, Utah, Tooele, Juab, Sanpete, Millard and Iron.

It may here be remarked that the first Judge of this county—Elias Smith—was still holding the position when the writer came to Utah, and continued to hold it till his death, about twenty-five years later. The Judge was also, in 1861, editor of the *Deseret News*, to which establishment the writer became apprenticed to learn the printer's trade, and lived with the Judge during the whole of the lingering, snail-paced three years which elapsed between the entry into the office, and the time the foreman—Henry McEwan—told the apprentice one day: "We have concluded to raise your wages. You are now getting \$16 a month; pitch in and see how much you can now make setting type at six bits a thousand." The "pitching in" was done, the result being, as nearly as I can remember, the earning of about twice as much in a week as was formerly received in a month. This is a pardonable digression; let us return to where we were when this incident was started upon.

We left off at the point where Probate Judges were appointed (by the Legislature) for the nine counties of the Territory. These were invested with all the jurisdiction in civil, criminal and equitable matters possessed by the Federal District courts. More than this, they were also given the exclusive original power of adjudicature in matters relating to the settlement of estates and kindred subjects. If the judiciary representing the Government had but little to do before, it may be easily understood how it had even less, after being relieved of so much of the drudgery and care incident to holding court. As the pay and perquisites of office were in no

wise diminished whether the imported Judges did much, little or nothing, there was really not a great deal for them to complain of, and it is a reasonable guess that not much in the line of complaining was done, at least by them. The murmurs of discontent arose when the office of Territorial Marshal was created and filled, this officer being instructed, not in so many words, but figuratively, to "render under Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's" and hold on to everything else—that is, to let the United States Marshal officiate exclusively in all cases wherein the United States was a party and the Territorial official to do likewise in regard to matters pertaining to the Territory. As both positions were sustained by means of the fee system—that is, so much pay for so much done—it does not require any unusual faculty to determine without further explanation exactly what the "kick" originated in, and where it came from. The more business that was done by the home official the less there would naturally be for the other, and as the latter came into the office expecting to have the whole of the business his feelings were sorely disturbed when he found fully three-fourths of it going elsewhere. It was rather presumptuous on the part of the Mormons, judged by the then prevailing standards, to assume to direct the disposal of any part of the money which they were called upon to pay for process serving and the like; at least the newer element in the community seemed to think so, and claimed to see in this and other things, a disposition to subvert the dignity of the Government, to undermine its authority and make ineffectual its provisions together with a few other high crimes and misdemeanors.

Social friction is much like any other

as relates to its existence and its outcome. When the acute stage has been reached, an eruption occurs unless a palliative is immediately applied. The people of Utah were treated to a little of both.

Being so situated that all efforts in the direction of home rule were looked upon very much as such efforts by the Irish in Ireland are regarded by the British government, the Mormons had to make a virtue of necessity by accepting, some years later, a Congressional measure which swept the greater part of their judicial and political system from the deck. This was followed, a few years further on, by one which took what little of those things the authors of the former measure had overlooked and pretty much everything else that was capable of being taken and held, so far as community interests were concerned. This again takes me a little ahead of the story, but it fits in well enough and does not seem to be at all obtrusive.

In August, 1853, Delegate John M. Bernhisel was unanimously re-elected to Congress. Although his party (the Whig) was in power in the land generally and the national legislature particularly, he still held aloof from partisan politics and properly so, his constituency embracing men of all shades of political affiliation but all seeking impartial treatment and fair representation to the exclusion of merely selfish considerations.

The Legislature at its session in January, of the following year added three more counties and a corresponding number of Judges to the list, making it an even dozen. The new counties were Summit, Green River and Carson. The first one still remains but the other two long since passed out of existence.

The following February the great

"Pathfinder," who has been described as always losing his way, General John C. Fremont with a small party composed of white men and Eastern Indians, struggled into the walled village of Parowan. They were hospitably entertained, and in the course of two weeks went on their way to California. Fremont spent a good deal of his time on the Pacific coast, where he succeeded in adding another contradictory distinction to his record—that of becoming a millionaire who had no money. When the rebellion broke out he took command of a brigade in the Union army and soon established himself as a great commander who had the misfortune never to be in a battle. For all that, he was a daring explorer, an enterprising frontiersman, a man of rare accomplishments, and in some respects capable and deserving to a great degree. His greatest distinction was being the first candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States, in 1856; it is unnecessary to say that he was "beaten out of sight," but he was probably getting used to it by that time.

S. A. Kenner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EARLY CHURCH RECOLLECTIONS.

JUNE 25, 1897.

EDITOR JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR:

Dear Brother: I am the daughter and only child of Robert B. Thompson and his wife Mercy R. Fielding. My father died August 27, 1841, in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Ill. Soon after his death mother moved over into the dwelling of my uncle Hyrum Smith, whose wife Mary was my mother's sister. Although I was young, having no brother or sister, I felt very keenly the loss of my father, notwithstanding I was treated

with great kindness and sympathy in every way by Uncle Hyrum, Aunt Mary and all my cousins. On the morning that the Prophet Joseph with his brethren started for Carthage I was quite sick, and I remember Uncle Hyrum coming to me before leaving the house and saying, "Do you want Uncle Hyrum to bless you before he goes?" I replied that I did. After he had blessed me he stepped over to the book case and took out a book and opened and read from it, then turning down the corner of the leaf, closed the book and put it back in its place. He soon afterward left the house, and this was the last time I ever saw him alive. I afterwards learned that the passage which he read was the last paragraph of the fifth chapter of Ether in the Book of Mormon, first English edition. The book from which he read, with the leaf turned down, just as he left it has ever since, until her death, remained in the possession of my mother, and is now in my hands, a treasured memento of the past. At that time I was only about six years of age, and I have often wondered how one so young could have been so deeply impressed with the circumstances of those perilous times, and I still marvel at the breadth and clearness of comprehension I had, so young as I was, of the dreadful scenes through which we were then passing. Those were gloomy days. Everything looked so dark that it seemed as though nothing in this world would ever look bright or pleasant again. But time, that great healer of heart-wounds and sorrows, passed on and with the changes which it wrought came hope and brighter days, although during those years of toil, vicissitude and weary, dusty travel, I often thought, Oh where and when and what will the end of all this be?

The dedication of the temple at Nau-

voo is a circumstance deeply impressed upon my mind. With my mother I was present to witness the services of the dedication President Brigham Young came to Aunt Mary Smith and invited her to take charge of the female department in the temple after it was dedicated, she and her husband having received their endowments in the lifetime and under the direction of the Prophet Joseph Smith. But on account of her large family and the multitude of cares resting upon her, she was unable to undertake the responsibility, and it was proposed that my mother be called for this purpose in her stead, she also having had her endowments under the direction of the Prophet at the same time Aunt Mary received hers. This being agreeable she was called, but mother inquired, "What shall I do with my little girl?" President Young glancing over at me as I sat in my little chair, replied: "Take her with you, yes, God bless her, take her with you." I had not felt much interest in the conversation until I heard the last remark, and it awakened in me a new idea. Since my father and Uncle Hyrum were gone I had thought no one would ever speak of, or to me so kindly again. But these tender words and blessing captured my heart, and my very soul went out to Brother Brigham, overflowing with childhood's love, and thenceforth I saw in him the friend of the widowed, and the father to the fatherless, and the man above all others then living chosen to stand where he did, and I still feel he was one of the kindest and best men on earth. Agreeable to the arrangements then made I accompanied my mother to the temple and remained with her there day and night until it was closed and the leading men of the Church, and such as were able to accompany them, took up their journey

to find a home in the far off and unknown west.

While with my mother in the temple I remember I was sealed to my parents in the new and everlasting covenant. Being only a child and without other children in the temple I was frequently noticed by the leading brethren, and on one occasion, Father Isaac Morley and Elder Ezra T. Benson, while in conversation with mother, predicted that I should live and grow to womanhood and that the day would come when I should work in the temple of our God. This prediction has been literally and, to my mind, marvelously fulfilled. For all my life, my health has been delicate and it is a surprise to me, and no doubt it is to others, that I am still alive. My recollections of the Prophet Joseph Smith are not so vivid as those of Uncle Hyrum, but there are circumstances I well remember, nor could I ever forget them. On one occasion Uncle Hyrum was brought home severely injured from a fall. Aunt Mary sent for the Prophet who came and administered to him. Then stepping over to the bureau and leaning upon it he buried his face in his handkerchief and wept bitterly. His heart was touched with tender sympathy for his prostrate brother. This circumstance riveted the scene upon my mind. On another occasion mother was invited to ride with him and others in his carriage. Of course I accompanied her. When out upon the prairie he stopped, got out of the carriage, gathered some wild flowers and gave them to me. I have since thought, Oh, what a tender heart he had, how kind and thoughtful even to a child, and what condescension on the part of the Prophet of God. Child that I was, I could never forget such kindness and sympathy, and the prayer of my life has been, Oh, may I

be worthy to meet him beyond the grave, where in all its perfection will reign the love of God.

While in the temple I recall to mind a brother by the name of Hans Hansen who had been an old sailor, but who then occupied a small room in the temple and was engaged in making and beeswaxing tents and wagon covers for the great journey into the wilderness. In later years I came to know him as a skilful musician, and to the sweet and enchanting strains from his violin many are they who, many times, while crossing the plains and in this valley, have glided and skipped through the mazes of the dance. This man had a brother named Peter who was somewhat noted as one of the first to take the Gospel to his native land, and one who gave much time in his life to administering the sacred ordinances of the Gospel. Both of these brothers were among the early pioneers. Speaking of Brother Hansen beeswaxing the tents and wagon covers I recall the fact that when my mother waterproofed her wagon cover with beeswax, I took a childlike part in helping do it. Perhaps she was not much the better for the aid I gave her in this good work.

I was baptized in the Mississippi River, at Nauvoo, by my uncle, Joseph Fielding, in 1846.

In September, 1846, in company with Aunt Mary Smith, Uncle Joseph Fielding and their families, we were driven out of Nauvoo by the mob who had laid siege against the city, and we were hurriedly ferried across the Mississippi River in a flat-boat, and landed on the opposite bank a short distance below Montrose, where for several days we were compelled to camp under the shade of the trees without tent, or wagon, or other covering or shelter than the broad

canopy of heaven. In this condition we listened to the booming of cannon and the rattle of muskets on the opposite shore during the battle of Nauvoo, the children being left in this exposed condition under the care of "Auntie Grennelds," a dear old lady, and George Mills, who was nearly blind, with two or three other members and attachees of Uncle Hyrum Smith's family, while Aunt Mary, mother and Uncle Fielding were away trying to gather means by the sale of property from which they had been driven, for the purpose of securing teams, wagons and outfits that we might follow the Church in its journeyings out into the wilderness toward the setting sun.

It is not my purpose nor will this be thought a fitting time or occasion to dwell upon these harrowing scenes. Suffice it to say Aunt Mary Smith and her associates succeeded in gathering up sufficient means to enable them with their families to proceed on their journey through the State of Iowa, some three hundred miles to the camping ground, called Winter Quarters, on the west banks of the Missouri River. My mother's outfit consisted of one wagon, a yoke of oxen and some cows yoked together. We all traveled together and reached Winter Quarters late in the fall of 1846, where some cabins were built of cottonwood logs and poles for our winter protection, my mother having a small room built of poles chinked and daubed with mud adjoining the log cabin of my aunt. During the winter of 1846-7, I suffered most of the time with chills and fever. Early in the spring of 1847, Aunt Mary Smith fitted out George Mills, the old gentleman who was partially blind, and sent him out with President Young and company. He was one of the original 143 pioneers. In

June, 1847, my mother Mercy R. Thompson, and I bid good-bye to Aunt Smith and Uncle Fielding and their families, and started West with the first company which left Winter Quarters after the departure of President Young and pioneers.

I will not dwell on the experiences of the journey, as those who were older than I, and who had more experience, have already done so, but I will briefly narrate a circumstance or two. I recall vividly the day on which our company met President Brigham Young and the company of pioneers who were returning with him to Winter Quarters. On that day Brother Wm. C. Staines came to our wagon and rode for a short time with us, relating many interesting incidents of his experience on the frontier. He presented me with a papoose's moccasin ornamented with beads, which was very pretty and to me quite a curiosity. I kept that moccasin for many years, but finally took off the beads and put them on a string. They now belong to Master Joseph S. Nelson a grandson of President Joseph F. Smith.

George Mills whom Aunt Mary sent out with the pioneers to begin a foundation for a home for her family in the valley accompanied them back until they met our company when he returned with us to the valley. According to my mother's journal the wagon he drove was upset and considerably damaged. Sister Margaret Bryson who was riding in the wagon narrowly escaped serious injury. I shall never forget her first expression on emerging from the wreck, "O, I'm kilt, I'm kilt!" This circumstance occurred a short time before we arrived in the valley, which was about the 23rd day of September, 1847.

The first thing which attracted my attention when we came into the camp-

ing grounds which is now called the Old Fort Square in this city, was a liberty pole from which floated our national banner, the beautiful stars and stripes, the sight of which cheered my heart and gave me a homelike feeling although in a strange land, for I hadn't seen our flag it seemed to me for almost an age, and the sight of it under the circumstances seemed an assurance that our journey was practically at an end, and it awakened a lively gratitude to God and hope for better times.

Soon after parting from our kindred on the banks of the Missouri, and while grieving over the separation, I was gently chided by my mother who rehearsed to me the story of Lot's wife, and exhorted me never to "look back." This made a deep impression upon my mind, and two years later when Aunt Mary and Uncle Fielding and their families were all located in the valley, a number of us made a visit to Black Rock, where we took a bath in the lake. Soon after coming out of the water I said to mother, my aunt and the girls, "I guess we are all Lot's wives now." Aunt was struck with amazement at the remark, and I told her how mother had related to me the story of Lot's wife turning to a pillar of salt for "looking back," of which I had been more or less in dread all the way over the plains, for my rebellious thoughts in spite of me would often go back to the loved ones we had left behind. But now I said "we come nearer being turned into pillars of salt than ever before in our lives." I think the lake must have been saltier then than now.

In our cabin in the fort our floor consisted of the ground and our carpets were made of grass or hay strewed over it. On the day before Christmas, December, 1847, mother and I took up our

soiled grass carpet and put down a new one of the same sort. We got some white clay with which we whitewashed the inside of our log hut and we thought it looked quite nice. Our supper that night consisted of milk just from the cows, and although tired from the day's "house cleaning," and scantily fed, with no prospect of realizing my hopes, before retiring to bed I hung up my stocking on the wall, for it was Christmas eve. Mother said to me, "My child, I fear you will be greatly disappointed, for Santa Claus has not yet found his way out here." And sure enough I was more than disappointed, for when morning came there hung my stocking full to the brim, but on eagerly going to it I found that someone, in a joke perhaps, had filled it with black coals from the ashes. My grief and disappointment may be imagined, but never will be told.

A little later a good sister and neighbor by the name of Barrow, having learned of my disappointment, on coming in to wish us a merry Christmas, presented me with a little earthen sugar bowl, an article not much in use at that time, as sugar existed in the camp mainly in the fond memories of the people. But I was delighted with my Christmas gift and contrary to the usual custom of little girls,—I still own that sugar bowl. With this little Christmas gift Sister Barrow also gave me the assurance that word should be sent to "Santa" all about the little white children who had come to the valley, so that he would be prepared to come with something nice for them by next Christmas, and I am glad to say he came and has never forgotten or neglected them since.

I was once asked how young people did their courting in those days. That is a very delicate subject and I can

scarcely speak from personal experience, but I call to mind when Ed.—was courting his wife. She would sit on one side of the fireplace knitting stockings while he assisted her brother on the other side to shell corn. Everything in those days had to be done by hand, but the fact is human nature then was much the same as it had ever been and still is, and with the exception that both young and old were compelled to keep constantly employed in order to eke out their clothing and supply the demands of nature, thus having little time for idle sparkling, it was done in the usual way.

Our social life being of the simplest and the purest type, the young lady was not above knitting her own stockings or those of her father, brothers or husband, nor afraid of the spinning wheel nor the loom. Many a one has carded wool, spun and dyed and woven it into flannel for dresses, and other garments, and into sheets and coverlets, and to get rags or cotton or wool enough together to make a rag carpet was a crowning triumph on the part of the young as well as the older and more experienced housewife. For years our best people wore homespun, and were thankful for it and proud of it, though rough, for it was the work of faithful, diligent and loving hands. It seems to me the women were then quite as happy as now, notwithstanding the almost boundless increase of our possessions of everything, and of the introduction of many of the modern improvements and some other of the evidences of the civilization of the age. In many respects we have made marked improvement, from which I would be loath to part, but there might be joy in the thought of returning again to the neighborly kindness, the true Christian charity, real forgiveness and sympathy, and the unity, the confi-

dence and love which existed among the Saints in the day of our pilgrimage and humiliation. The people of the Church were then, I really think, not less grounded in the faith nor less confident in the Lord than they are today. Many, it is true, have stood the test, have fought the good fight and have kept the faith, but some, alas, have fallen by the way, and while the latter class is larger than it should be, there is cause for exceeding joy that it is no larger than it is.

Respectfully,

M. J. Thompson.

A DAUGHTER OF THE NORTH.

By Rail and Boat.

X.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 402.)

THE compartment cars on the European railroads are sometimes comfortable and "just the thing," although just as often they are the reverse. One car may be divided into four compartments or coupes, and there may be three classes in the same car. Third class is simply painted walls and hard wooden seats. Second class has upholstered seats and is comfortable. First class is quite elegant. A coupe is a small room about six by eight feet, with seats on two sides facing each other. You may talk of the big, Democratic, American car and praise its virtues, and it has many, but there are times when a coupe is par excellence, such times for example when "two is company and three is none." In their ride out from Larvik, Atelie and Halvor had a coupe to themselves. The day was not warm so the charcoal stove under the car had been lighted and a pleasant heat came up through the floor. Atelie took off her hat and leaned her head against the soft velvety cushions

of the compartment. Halvor sat opposite and looked at her. She closed her eyes as if resting, but truth to tell she saw Halvor's glances through her eye lashes.

She had been more than ever kind to Halvor that day. He had noticed it, and as he sat there and looked at her, he thought of it. Always good and brave and true she had been, he knew, but there was something added to her. A deeper expression in her eyes, a sweeter smile on her lips, a milder tone, a firmer grasp of her fingers—an added something in the whole of which these were some of the parts; yet they did not express the whole.

Halvor Steen did not know that Atelie Heldman had passed through the sanctifying influence of baptism, so he could not be expected to comprehend the nature of the change which he saw in her. But one thing he was quite certain about that afternoon, and that was that Atelie Heldman was a sweet girl, and that he loved her more than he had been aware of.

"Atelie," said he after he had taken a long look at her, "I saw a picture of you when I was last in Christiania."

"Is that so? Where?"

"In a shop window in Karl Johan."

"You're not in earnest? I have not had a photograph taken for two years at least."

"That may be. I think you were about two years younger in this picture. There were two other girls in it besides you."

"They surely haven't published that picture," said Atelie getting quite earnest.

"You remember it then?"

"Why, if it is the one I mean. Some two years ago I, with two other girls, was up in Martman's gallery. He rigged us up in Norwegian, Swedish and Dan-

ish costumes and had us sit for a picture. We were to represent the three nations, he said. I remember I was in the center standing. Is that it?"

"The exact one. It's a fine picture. I bought one for the central figure." Halvor sat over by her side and drawing the picture from his pocket showed it to her.

"The very thing," she laughed.

"Whom are you looking so earnestly after?" he asked.

"For someone afar off, it seems."

"We were not so well acquainted then, were we?" Then they were silent for a time. The train rolled into a station and more passengers crowded in. They were farmers for the most part, and as they did not travel first-class, the two were left in peace. Halvor would have disputed any one's right to share that coupe with them.

Then they talked of Heimstad—and Halvor had her hand drawn closely within his own. Heimstad might go to creditors, its mistress would go to him. This was expressed to himself of course, and when Halvor Steen had fully come to that conclusion, he wasted no time in coming to the point. She made no objections to his hand, and when she leaned back as if tired he gently rested her head on his shoulder; and she pillow'd it there saying nothing, and the cars rolled on.

"Atelie, why not come and live with me. You will be so lonesome all alone at Heimstad, and life will be unbearable at Strand without you?"

She made no answer. He put his arm around her shoulder and drew her head closer. She did not object, but she said nothing.

"I love you, Atelie, I love you. Be my wife. He merely whispered it in her ear, which was close to him, for

fear the words would be heard above the rattle of the train.

Still she said nothing.

"You love me, Atelie? I know you do. Do not deny it. Be my wife, darling."

Her face was near his own and he kissed it, again and again. Then as with an effort Atelie escaped from his embrace, and sat upright. Her eye shone with love light, and her red cheeks were redder still. As she spoke she placed her hand in his, and grasped it tightly.

"I do love you, Halvor. It is true what you say, but I cannot marry you now."

"There is no great hurry, my darling," and he tried to draw her to him again.

"No, no," she said; "you do not understand—that is, I cannot promise to marry you, Halvor?"

"Why not, Atelie? What hinders? You love me?"

"Yes, Halvor; but I cannot promise you. Not now. Another time. We can wait. It will be best for us."

"But I don't like this mystery, Atelie. Why cannot you marry me next week, next month? You love me, you have no friends—you must—"

"Please, don't Halvor! I cannot promise you now, I cannot."

The train slowed, then stopped, and the conductor ran along the platform shouting, "Tunsberg." Halvor gathered wraps and valises and they stepped out, and into the station's waiting room. The rest of the journey they were to travel by boat, and Halvor inspected the time table on the wall, finding that they had one hour to wait. Leaving their luggage, they strolled up into the town. Atelie had never been in the city before.

"We will go up on the hill," sug-

gested Halvor, and she made no objection. It was but a few minutes' walk from the station, then up a road cut in the sides of the solid rock and they were on top, a large flat area. A tower built of hewn sand stone loomed up before them, and ruins of ancient buildings were overgrown with grass.

"Tunsberg is the oldest town in Norway," said Halvor, "and this hill has played an important part in our history. These rocks are the remains of castles and churches." They went up to the tower and read the inscription cut in the stone.

At the tower they found an old man who gave them permission to ascend the winding stairs to the top. He went with them and told the history of the place and the tower which had been built to commemorate the town's one thousandth year. The hill had in olden time been strongly fortified, and many bloody scenes had been enacted there. At one time King Sverre besieged it for twenty years.

Close by the tower was a beautiful grave, with seats under the trees. They sat down for a few moments until they heard the hoarse whistle of the steamer, when they descended to the wharf and engaged passage to Christiania. The short afternoon was closing when the boat went through the canal and into the fjord.

Atelie put on her wraps, and Halvor his overcoat, and they went upon deck. It was a beautiful night. The moon soon arose over the wooded hill, only to disappear behind a peak and return again. The water was still. The hills on both sides of Christiania fjord made a dark background to the shining sea. A light here and there twinkled from the dark strip between sea and sky. Halvor led Atelie to a sheltered seat

and adjusted with solicitous hands her wraps.

"Do you feel cold?" he asked.

"Not at all. What a beautiful night! I think the fjord is a much more beautiful highway than the dusty, shaky, cramped-up cars."

"I agree with you; especially on such a night as this."

A few passengers paced the deck, but the majority were below, out of reach of the night breeze; but Halvor and Atelie wished to be alone, they sat in silence for some time looking out over the water.

Halvor was thinking, thinking why Atelie would not promise to marry him. She loved him, word and act showed it, still she would not marry him, that is, not soon. What could it be? How could he get her to confide in him and tell him. Surely she and Larsen—but no, he wronged her in the thought. He had never seen any suspicious act or word between them. And then she loved him. But she was a mystery.

And she also had thoughts, thoughts inspired of love, of her religion, of her duty, and of her work in the world. The wind was slightly cold and Halvor's big coat was such a protection. Halvor loved her. She knew it now, and she was glad. But she also saw her duty clearly, a great and responsible duty, and she must not let her love overcome her that she would lose sight of this duty. She must unite the two. God grant that they would go hand in hand. Her father, her mother, a long line of ancestry were looking to her. She must not fail them, and Halvor must help her. But what if he failed to see the truth, refused to accept it! She dared not contemplate it. She loved Halvor. She could not deny her own heart, but what if he should scorn her

religion. Well, she would have to choose then—but it would not come to that. He was too good, too noble not to see the grand Gospel truth.

"Atelie," said Halvor, "tell me why you will not marry me."

"I have never said I will not marry you, Halvor. I only asked you to wait a while."

"How long?"

"I don't know."

"A month?"

"I cannot tell you."

"A year? Ten years? O, my dear girl, why can you not tell me? You will not confide in me. Tell me all about this mystery. Trust me, darling. I shall not be unreasonable."

But she did not dare to tell him as yet. It could not help matters and might hinder; but she must say something to him.

"Halvor," she whispered, "I love you. I will marry none but you—if it is God's will, Halvor. Is that enough?"

She meant every word; but her silence to his direct question did not please him. He could not see any need of such mystery. If she was to be his wife, surely she had no secrets which he could not know. She was playing with him.

"No;" said he, "it is not enough. If you love me you should tell me you will marry me, or give me a reason why you can not promise."

He might have struck her a blow. It would not have hurt more. She drew away from him. She shivered. She arose and walked to the stern and looked down at the water churned by the spinning propellor. In a few minutes he followed.

"It is cold," said he, "let us go below."

The lamp in the stairway revealed a

pale face. In the salon people turned to look at her.

"You had better have some supper," said Halvor. "What shall I order?"

"Nothing, I am not hungry. We will soon be at Christiania. Don't bother, thank you."

So Halvor read the paper the rest of the trip, or pretended to, and Atelie lay in a deck chair as if asleep.

At the Christiania wharf they entered a carriage. They first drove to a friend of hers where she stopped, and Halvor drove on to his hotel.

"I'll call for you in the morning," he said at parting. "Goodnight."

"Thank you—goodnight."

Nephi Anderson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN.

THE newspapers at the present time are full of descriptions of the wonderful display of loving enthusiasm that, throughout the British Empire, has characterized the Diamond Jubilee by which the people of that realm have celebrated the termination of sixty years of Queen Victoria's reign; and countless have been the comparisons drawn of the condition of the world when the youthful Princess was crowned Queen, and its condition today. These eulogies dilate upon the unparalleled advance that has been made in the arts, sciences and civilization during the period of her reign—an advance that no one hundred years of the world's recorded history can approach. Yet in all these comparisons one important item has been always lacking. No notice is ever taken of the religious revolution that has taken place in the thought and life of the world,

more especially among the English speaking races, growing out of the proclamation of the true Gospel by men ordained of God and empowered by Him to preach His word.

It is a somewhat curious co-incidence that the first missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints called to preach the everlasting Gospel in Great Britain reached the city of New York on their way thither on the day the Queen ascended the throne (June 22nd, 1837). A very few weeks later they landed on England's shores. Consequently it can be asserted that the reign of Queen Victoria and the preaching of the Gospel in her realm are coeval. How much of the good that has attended that reign is the result directly or indirectly of the proclamation of the Gospel eternity alone will reveal.

It is recorded in the history of Elder Heber C. Kimball that on one occasion when he was in London (January 26th, 1841), that being within a few feet of the Queen, who was on her way to Parliament, he blessed her. She was the first monarch for many a hundred years who received the blessing of an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. And who shall say that that prophetic blessing has not carried its weight in making Victoria's reign what it has been and is. If we may believe her loyal subjects, no woman, since Eve left Paradise, has reigned over a nation as vast in extent, as numerous in population, so rich in treasure, so blessed with liberty as that of which she is the queen; and no queen ever sat on a throne who was personally beloved and respected by so many million souls as is Victoria. True there is a reverse side to this bright picture; the sorrows, sins and sufferings attendant upon humanity are far from

eradicated in her dominion; famine and deadly want often stalk abroad in the provinces of her empire, war has now and again claimed its tens of thousands slain, but the general aspect of her reign has been one of advancement, progress and prosperity for the great body of her people. During all these years the truth, as God has revealed it in these last days has been sounded in the ears of her subjects, and scores of thousands of them have received it. With exceptions so few that they scarcely claim notice, the Gospel has been preached freely, without persecution or hindrance, throughout her wide domain. It has been sounded far and wide in the British Isles, it has been heard in either India's torrid clime, it has gathered its children from Canada's northern homes, and from the vast isles where the Southern Cross rises high in the Austral sky.

Is it not consistent for us who believe that the Saints are the special subjects of God's care, to also believe that the glories, the growth, the length of Victoria's reign are due very much to the blessing of the Eternal One thereon, because, under her government, His people have shared with others the equal protection of the law, and unrestrained liberty has been given them to preach His word, perform the ordinances of His Gospel and establish His Church as the revelations of His will direct, wherever the gentle ruler of England has held sway.

The Editor.

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.

BRAINS cannot be measured by the size of the head, nor eloquence by the extent of the mouth.

**HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT
IN AMERICA.**

Columbus.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 406.)

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was born sometime between 1435 and 1445. Thus he lived in that bright morning time which saw a race of intellectual giants spring forth to rescue science, art and literature from their long dark-age imprisonment and prophesy anew the larger liberties of men.

So thickly did those great ones arise, that in a single life-time one might have conversed with men who have wielded a marked influence on almost every country of Europe and effected human society through all the coming years.

How few students of history pause to think that it was possible for Columbus to have conversed with Copernicus, and with that great astronomer gazed through the first telescope at the mysteries of the starry worlds. He might have listened to the stormy eloquence of Savonarola, or watched the chisel-strokes of Michael Angelo by which he changed rough marble blocks into models of beauty. He might have talked with Gutenberg, and learned from him the wonderful story of the printing press; or have seen William Caxton give to England her first printed Bible. Aye, more, Columbus might have listened and smiled at the subtile wit of Erasmus as well as gazed into the great earnest eyes of Martin Luther. Yes there were giants in those days; and in their midst stood Columbus, who if he did not possess the varied talents of Michael Angelo, nor was so profound a scholar as Erasmus, nor so religious a character as Martin Luther, yet, in some respects, he towered above them all, as the greatest history-making personality of that age—

the man whose high and glorious destiny it was to open a new world to human enterprise and a new era to civilization.

A new world was as severe a blow to superstition, bigotry and religious intolerance as was the Reformation itself. Perhaps it would be difficult for the philosopher to determine which was the more helpful to the other: the discovery of America to the Reformation, or the ideas and principles brought out by the Reformation were to the settlement of America. What would all North America have been without the principles of the Reformation? A larger Mexico—nothing more. Undoubtedly Romanism had its eye on this continent with a view of establishing here that ecclesiastical supremacy which it was losing in the old world. At first Rome waged bitter war against the ideas of Columbus, but failing in this she changed her tactics, and endeavored to profit by his discoveries.

As the pope was losing Germany, France, Holland and England he would gladly have made up his losses by Romanizing a New World. But England sweeping on into the new movement under Elizabeth challenged at once the right and power of the pope to give America to Spain; and the right and power of Spain to give America to the pope. There began, therefore, a rivalry in American colonization. It was logically one of the results of the conflict between England and Spain, between Philip and the Netherlands. If Spain had triumphed, there could have been no New England; if Philip II. and the Duke of Alva had conquered the Dutch Republic, there would have been no refuge for the Puritans.

Pope Pius V. excommunicated Elizabeth, and gave England to Philip II. for the taking. On this high enterprise was the Spanish Armada bound in 1588,

when—not by the renowned Raleigh, nor by the gallant Drake, but by the very winds of heaven—the magnificent naval array was swept to destruction. The fate of the Armada largely determined the destiny of American colonization, and in no small degree prevented the Romanizing of North America.

But it is claimed that the discovery of America was an accident. Yes, one of those divine accidents, by which humanity is made better and happier. Columbus set sail westward to find a route to India, and stumbled on America. Newton went to sleep under an apple tree, and was awakened by an apple falling on his head and from this incident learned the law of gravity. Is that an accident? Archimedes stepping into a bath observes the water displaced equal to the size of his own body. Is that an accident? James Watt sitting down by the spluttering tea-kettle discovers the power of steam. Is that another accident? No, no, the world is not run by chance. The destinies of humanity are not determined by "accidents." True science and philosophy have long ago eliminated that word "accident" from their list of words.

The fact is Columbus was a profound student of the subject which had become the controlling force of his life. In one of his letters Columbus writes: "I have dealt and conversed with wise people—Latin, Greeks, Indians and Moors and men of many other nations. During forty years of study I have endeavored to see all books of cosmography, history and philosophy, and of other sciences so that our Lord has sensibly opened my understanding." The further Columbus continued his investigations the stronger became his enthusiasm—nay rather his inspiration. Then commenced the old, old story, or

rather the new, new story—the struggle of genius and reason against prejudice and superstition. Columbus appeals to the great and powerful ones of the earth, for the necessary means to carry out his plans. He stands up before purse-proud nobles and prelates to be laughed at, as one of the visionaries who have come to disturb the repose of the world's serene stupidity. Navigators laughed, financiers laughed, princes laughed and kings laughed. O these men who have been laughed at, how great they are today, how great they will ever be! Galileo laughed at! Palissy laughed at! Watt, Stevenson and Fulton laughed at! Harvey laughed at! Jenner laughed at! Franklin, Morse and Joseph Smith laughed at! Columbus laughed at! Why to be universally laughed at is almost glory enough for any reformer or any genius. In that laughter is often the prophecy of immortal applause. *J. H. Ward.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS—SERIES II.

No. 10. July 1st, 1897.

Degrees Conferred:—Upon the recommendation of the Board of Examiners, diplomas, conferring the degree of Bachelor of Didactics, were conferred by the General Board of Education upon Joseph S. Horne, Edward H. Holt, Henry S. Tanner, Bryant S. Hinckley, Walter M. Wolfe, Ernest D. Partridge, Nels L. Nelson, Lars E. Eggertson, Edwin S. Hinckley, Mary E. Woodruff and Alice L. Reynolds, of the Brigham Young Academy, Provo; George L. Swendson, James H. Linford, Jacob F. Miller and Douglass M. Todd, of the Brigham Young College Logan; Joseph Nelsen and John M. Mills of the Latter-day Saints' College, Salt Lake City; Louis

F. Moench of the Weber Stake Academy, Ogden; Andrew B. Anderson, of the Uintah Stake Academy, Vernal; Emil Maeser, of the Bear Lake Stake Academy, Paris, Idaho; Josiah E. Hickman of Oneida Stake Academy, Preston, and Charles R. Fillerup, of the Diaz Academy, Mexico.

Appointments for Stake Superintendents of Religion Classes:—Heber C. Keetch, St. Charles, Bear Lake; Charles D. Gooselind, Preston, Oneida; Joshua Greenwood, Fillmore, Millard; Stephen A. Smith, Manassa, San Luis; Hyrum M. Taylor, Mancos, San Juan; John T. Woodbury, St. George; Seth Taft Thurber, Wayne.

Commencement Exercises:—Sanpete Stake Academy, Ephraim. Friday, May 21st, at 10 a.m., the Academy building was found in festive array, festooned with garlands, flowers and appropriate emblems. Apostle Anthon H. Lund and the General Superintendent of Church Schools, as representatives of the General Church Board of Education, President Canute Peterson, with his colleagues of the Stake Board, and Elder Newton E. Noyes, Principal of the Academy, with the members of the faculty, occupied the stand, while the graduates from the various grades in the Academy were on reserved seats in successive order. Principal Noyes presided. The exercises were interspersed by vocal and instrumental pieces by the Academy choir and the Ephraim orchestra, and were rendered in excellent style. Certificates of efficiency were conferred by President Peterson in behalf of the Stake Board upon normals, graduates of the first year High School grade, and of the eighth grade. The solemnity of this part of the program made a deep impression upon the whole audience. Addresses were given by Apostle Lund, General Super-

intendent Maeser, President Peterson, and members of the Stake Board. The exercises concluded with a banquet in the afternoon and a ball in the evening. According to the Principal's report it appeared that the Academy has this year been attended by a greater number of students than ever before, and that the new building is already inadequate for the requirements of the next academic year. The Board will have to solve the problem to provide additional accommodations.

The Brigham Young Academy, Provo:—After the previous days of the week had been spent in written and oral examinations of all the various branches and grades, the commencement exercises of this mother institution of all our Church schools were held 10 a. m. Thursday, May 27. The students, under the direction of the Faculty, had previously assembled in their respective class rooms and marched in procession to the Stake Tabernacle. The graduates, consisting of those upon whom the General Board of Education was to confer the degree of Bachelor of Didactics, and those receiving their degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy conferred by the Board of Directors of the Academy, and those graduating from the various grades and the kindergarten, receiving Certificates of Efficiency, conferred by the Faculty, occupied reserved seats in an appointed order. The stand was elaborately decorated and various banners with appropriate designs were seen in the procession. Representatives of the General Board of Education, of the Board of Directors of the Academy, and of the Stake Board were on the stand. President Benjamin Cluff presiding. The Academy choir under the leadership of Professor Anthon C. Lund, enlivened the exercises by the excellent rendition of se-

lections. Conferring of degrees and certificates constituted the most impressive portion of the program, and it is recommended that the main features of this ceremony should be followed by all our Church schools on similar occasions. Captain Willard Young, in behalf of the General Board of Education, delivered the oration of the day, and was followed by short but appropriate remarks from General Superintendent Maeser, Stake President Partridge, and other members of the respective boards. From President Cluff's report, extracts of which he read during the proceedings, it appeared that nine hundred and four students, (exclusive of the kindergarten) had been enrolled during the year, and that the accommodations, notwithstanding the additional premises provided in the so-called Central Building, for the eight grades, were insufficient to accommodate all the students, and that therefore, another additional building had become a matter of imperative necessity. The Alumni Association held a very interesting meeting the following morning, which was followed by a banquet participated in by over two hundred alumni of the Academy. Very interesting exercises given in the evening by the lady graduates of the kindergarten department concluded the series of meetings constituting the Annual Commencement of the institution.

The Latter-day Saints' College, Salt Lake City:—The commencement exercises were held at the Academy building on Tuesday, June 1st, at 1 p. m., Gen. Supt. Maeser, Secretary George Reynolds, of the General Board of Education, President Angus M. Cannon, with his associates of the Stake Board of Education, Bishop Elias Morris, chairman of the Academy Board, and the faculty occupied the stand. Principal Willard Done

presided. The graduates consisting of those receiving degrees from the General Board of Education, and those from the Board of the Academy, and others certificates of efficiency and of promotion from the faculty, were suitably arranged in reserved seats. The music, vocal as well as instrumental, was under the direction of Prof. McClellan. Hon. John Nicholson was the orator of the day and he was followed by General Superintendent Maeser and members of the various boards with short remarks. President Done's report showed the exceedingly favorable condition of the college, but pointed out the lack of suitable and sufficient accommodation for the constantly increasing number of students and their requirements for advanced studies. The commencement exercises concluded with very interesting exercises given in the evening by the lady graduates of the kindergarten training school under the direction of their instructor, Mrs. Craig.

Brigham Young College, Logan:—The commencement exercises of the institution were held in the Thatcher Opera House, on Thursday, June 3rd, at 1 p. m. The stage was beautifully decorated with flowers. General Superintendent Maeser, in behalf of the General Board of Education, Apostles Brigham Young and Marriner W. Merrill, with other members of the College Board, President Orson Smith, of the Stake Board, and the faculty and the graduates occupied reserved and suitably arranged seats on the stage. Addresses were given by Apostle Brigham Young, General Superintendent Maeser, and President Kerr. Interesting papers on scientific subjects were read by several graduates. A senior graduate presided. General Superintendent Maeser conferred degrees in behalf of the General Board of Educa-

tion, and Hon. Brigham Young, as president, in behalf of the College Board. The Opera House Orchestra discoursed several choice pieces of music during the exercises. Apostle Merrill pronounced the benediction. The Alumni Association gave a splendid banquet in the evening at which some very felicitous toasts were given by members in honor of sweet remembrances of their beloved Alma Mater. It appeared from the report of President Kerr that the premises at the disposal of the college have proved entirely inadequate for the wants of the institution for some time, and that in consideration of this fact the authorities and people of the Cache Stake of Zion have voted a donation of \$25,000 for the erection of additional buildings, and that the work had begun. It was learned the day after that the Alumni Association of the college had also voted \$1,000 for this purpose.

Weber Stake Academy, Ogden: — The commencement exercises of this institution were held at the Stake Tabernacle on Thursday, June 3rd, at 8 p. m. The stand was tastefully adorned with flowers and flags. Presidents George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith and Apostle Anthon H. Lund of the General Board of Education, Apostles Franklin D. Richards and Francis M. Lyman, President Shurtliff and his associates of the Stake Board of Education, several bishops, and the faculty of the academy, occupied seats on the stand, while the graduates were seated in their rear. Principal L. F. Moench presided. The music was rendered by the academy choir, a mandolin and guitar quartette and some local vocalists, all of whom deserved much credit for their performances. A reproduction of the statue scene from "Winters Tale," a salutatory oration by one of the lady students, and the vale-

dictory address by one of the gentlemen students, elicited much applause. Apostle F. D. Richards offered the opening prayer. President George Q. Cannon was the orator of the day, Apostle A. H. Lund gave an address, and Principal L. F. Moench presented the diplomas to the respective graduates in behalf of the faculty and the Stake Board. President George Q. Cannon, in behalf of the General Board of Education, conferred upon Principal Moench the degree of Bachelor of Didactics. The Weber Stake Academy has entered upon a new epoch of its development.

General Remarks on the Commencement Exercises:—Considerable inconvenience has been experienced through the promiscuous times at which commencement exercises have been appointed by the various Church schools. In consequence it has been impossible for the General Superintendent to attend them all, as it is his duty to do. The General Board of Education desires, therefore, that the respective presidents and principals of schools in our Church will confer with the General Superintendent before making definite appointments for these exercises, so that he can be present at all.

It has been further observed that in some instances addresses delivered, papers read, or music or elocutionary exercises rendered by students, had either no bearing upon the nature and work of the institution, or were so lengthy as to weary the audience. An Annual Commencement is so important an occasion that it is inexpedient, to say the least, to waste the time by inappropriate performances, which neither taste nor ability can justify. It is suggested that the various departments or branches of studies be represented by about ten minute addresses, interspersed with vocal or instrumental pieces to break the

monotony of the program, thus leaving the balance of the time for the official program and for the representatives of the respective Boards.

First Annual Stake Religion Class Conference:—After consultation with his Stake authorities, Elder Hyrum A. Campbell, Superintendent of Religion Classes in the Cache Stake of Zion, appointed Sunday, June 6th, as the day on which the first Annual Stake Religion Class Conference was to be held at Logan. The regular afternoon meeting and one in the evening were set apart for that purpose. At the appointed time President George Q. Cannon, Apostle Anthon H. Lund, and General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser, of the General Board of Education, President Orson Smith and his counselors, of the Stake Presidency, several High Councilors, Bishops, Religion Class Superintendents, Elder Charles D. Goaslind, Superintendent of Religion Classes in Oneida Stake, and Elder John S. Bingham, Superintendent of Religion Classes in Box Elder Stake, were on the stand. Stake Superintendent Hyrum A. Campbell presided. The tabernacle choir sang in a highly creditable manner at both meetings. Stake Superintendent Campbell gave an outline of the Religion Class work that had been done in the Cache Stake, from which it appeared that there were nearly 4,000 pupils enrolled, distributed in eighty-six classes, and conducted by 124 instructors. Only three wards in the whole Stake had not yet reported. He stated that in some wards older people had requested to have classes especially organized for them, and that the results in strengthening the faith of those who attended regarding the divinity of the latter-day work and the general improvement in morality among the youth, gave

evidence of the good that the Religion Classes were doing. He was followed by General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser on the nature, purpose and methods of Religion Classes. Apostle Lund spoke approvingly of the work done by the Saints in Cache Valley, and President George Q. Cannon concluded by giving his endorsement to the whole movement. At the evening meeting General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser by special request gave a Religion Class exercise with a select class of boys and girls. President Cannon followed with remarks on Religion Class work and eulogized the people of Cache Valley for the noble efforts they were putting forth in behalf of the Brigham Young College building.

Church School Convention:—This convention will be held at the Latter-day Saints' College, Salt Lake City, from Monday, July 26th, to Friday, July 29th. Examination of Church school instructors for Primary, Intermediate, Academic or special grades will be held during the same week. Applicants should govern themselves accordingly.

It is expected that every Stake Board of Education, every Faculty and Religion Class Stake organization will be represented.

By order of the General Board of Education.

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.

LITTLE girl to old fashioned Aunt: "How is it Auntie that you have the bow of your ribbon at the back of your neck?"

Old fashioned aunt: "Why, dear, I thought it was the style now!"

Little girl: "That's why I wondered at your wearing it so."

* * THE *

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JULY 15, 1897.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

"HIGHER CRITICS."

WE have had occasion in these columns to allude to the miserable attempts which are being made by the "higher critics" to unsettle faith in the divinity of the Bible and to make the world believe that it is not a reliable history. These critics will have much to answer for, because many of them profess to be ministers of religion. Some of them calling themselves "advanced biblical critics," have affirmed that Abraham is a myth, and that chapters in the Book of Genesis which describe his life and journeyings are not reliable. A while ago a "Bible class teacher" in England wrote to a London friend that he was very much confused by the declaration of one of these critics—Prof. Cheyne—that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were "mere mythical personages"—that is they were only imaginary beings and had never had an existence. This professor replied that "it cannot at present be regarded as a safe opinion that the lives of the three reputed ancestors of Israel in our Book of Genesis are what, in other departments of study, would be described as historical." He meant by making this statement to convey the idea that Abraham's history was not "historical" but mythical, merely imaginary, or in other words, no more to be relied upon than a novel.

Now, however, the folly of these criticisms is being made plain by dis-

coveries which are being made from time to time. These discoveries amply prove the truth of the biblical narrative. It is admitted that every year which passes brings out Abraham and the fathers into more definite light as historical personages. Recently an eminent professor—Sayce by name—said that "the age of the patriarchs is, after all, one which lies exposed to the full glare of history," and that it is "the critics and not the writers of the Bible who are ignorant of history."

Every time we read about the statements of these "higher critics" a feeling of thankfulness arises in our heart to the Lord for having revealed the Gospel and given unto us new revelation which so beautifully confirms the truth of older revelations contained in the Bible and in the Book of Mormon. How thankful we ought to be that the Lord has left us without doubt upon these questions which are now agitating Christendom. We have no need to spend our time in reading arguments in favor of Abraham being a real personage or in reading arguments to prove that he never existed, for the Lord has revealed this, and every Latter-day Saint is left without room to doubt.

THE EFFECTS OF MOBOCRACY.

DURING the early days of the Church mobocracy reigned and the Latter-day Saints were its victims. The Prophet Joseph and others of the brethren suffered great violence from mobs. Filled with hatred against the Church and with a murderous spirit against the servants and people of God, men would band themselves together and resort to deeds of violence against the Latter-day Saints. While the Saints lived in Kirtland, they suffered severely from this spirit. The laws were trampled down, and the rights

of the people were thrown aside because they believed in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. This was their only offense. Upwards of forty times our beloved Prophet was brought before courts and upwards of forty times nothing was found against him. He and his brother Hyrum died victims of this spirit.

After the Saints felt it necessary for safety to leave Ohio they received no better treatment in the states of Missouri and Illinois. The blood of innocent men and women stain the soil of those states. They were driven from their homes and possessions and were plundered of thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of property. It may be interesting to our children to know that the servants of the Lord lifted their voices in solemn protest against these outrages. They did everything in their power to bring their wrongs to the knowledge of the leading men and the entire people of this nation, but their appeals were vain. Persecution and mobocracy did not cease, and finally the Latter-day Saints fled into the wilderness. But Joseph the Prophet, inspired by the Lord, predicted that the people of this nation should yet suffer from mobocracy and that they should have mobs to their hearts' content. The nation was repeatedly warned that if they permitted the Latter-day Saints to be murdered and robbed and persecuted and driven without interposing to prevent these wrongs, the nation itself would suffer from that spirit, and mobs would give them serious trouble.

These predictions are being abundantly fulfilled. What is called lynch law prevails in many parts of the Union. Mobs organize and take prisoners out of the hands of the officers of the law and execute them. Men band themselves together and attack jails, set the officers of the law at defiance and take prisoners

out and lynch them. It is only recently that in a city of nine thousand inhabitants near the capital of the State of Ohio a mob organized, and the militia fired upon it and killed a number of citizens. The whole state was excited, and the officers of the militia were in danger of their lives. This mob was a frenzied collection of men who brutally and without regard for the law lynched a prisoner. The case was very aggravated. The judge had just sentenced the criminal to death, but the mob took him from the officers and kicked and strangled him to death in broad daylight, and not one man of this mob even disguised himself. The judge who had passed upon the wretched victim the extreme penalty rushed out to implore the mob to let the law take its course, but it is said that he was fortunate to get off himself without being lynched.

In commenting upon this outrage, a prominent journal (*The Springfield Republican*) says: "It is time that somebody in authority fought one of these mobs to the death, either of himself or the mob; go as a martyr, if need be, to law and order, and build his monument high. This affair is true anarchy. The mob spirit is growing more unrestrained. There have been other lynchings in Ohio within recent years, and what happens in Ohio may easily happen in New England. Respect the law, or we shall need a Bonapart to teach us to obey." In a severe comment upon the proceedings of this mob, another prominent journal (*The New York Tribune*) says: "Better cut down with grape and cannister a whole city than to allow mobs to govern the Republic." Still another prominent journal says: "An alarming growth of the lawless spirit is to be observed among people who commonly pass for good citi-

zens. The poison is working at the vitals of the American State."

A feeling of alarm is growing in many quarters respecting the readiness with which mobs become organized and set the law at defiance. There are good reasons for believing that many victims of mobocracy are innocent people. When men become roused and frenzied they do not stop to reason, and they are incapable of judging and they feel no responsibility for any act they may commit. Certainly the words of the Prophet are being fulfilled concerning mobocracy.

HISTORICAL ENGLAND.

Westminster Abbey.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 413.)

THEN one arrives at the nave and sanctuary. In the nave or central portion of the church that runs from east to west, is situated the choir; now the choir is essentially the place of worship, a church within a church so to speak. It is an enclosure of magnificently carved old black oak screens and pews; of course the choristers sit here dressed in their white cassocks, sweet featured, and voiced boy sopranos and altos, together with dignified tenors and bassos. But besides the choir there are to be seen the deans, possibly a bishop or two, their clerical assistants, together with other more or less noted divines, also the worshipers sit in the choir and participate in the service, for your boys and girls must understand that cathedrals, unlike our tabernacle, have only a very small portion of their area occupied by seats; another thing I will mention regarding the choir, the organist, (and by the way Westminster Abbey possesses one of the finest organs in England) is seated where he can have a full view of the vocalists, and

plays the instrument from a keyboard situated some twenty feet from the organ by the aid of an electrical apparatus. But it is around the sanctuary and chapels that our interest centers. You must know that in the days of William the Conqueror and subsequently as long as the churches were under the power of the Pope of Rome, that if any man had committed a crime, and he could gain sanctuary, that is manage to flee to the high altar of certain abbeys and churches, without being captured by his pursuers, that he could claim the protection of the church, and so great was the superstition of those days, that no man would dare molest an individual who had gained that privilege, for fear of some terrible curse befalling him. About the only thing remaining of the sanctuary at this day is the pavement, composed of mosaics in jasper, marble, alabaster, lapis lazuli, etc. As this was laid down by Abbot Ware, about the year 1263, it is taken great care of and scrupulously covered over with heavy matting, so that the feet of the thousands of tourists, and otherwise may not wear it quite away. This is railed off from the choir by a handsome piece of figured workmanship in beaten bronze. Here too is situated the high altar which is of modern construction and very elegant, at the back of which is a most gorgeous and splendid piece of workmanship by an Italian artist in the form of a mosaic of the famous picture "the Lord's supper." By a mosaic, understand a picture composed of thousands of very small fragments of different colored stones and gilded blocks which are all pieced together until they resemble a beautiful painting that is situated behind the altar in the form of a screen flanked by lovely sculpturing. The altar itself may be interesting to

the average Utah boy, it being a raised affair, richly draped with elegant purple and white hangings, fringed with gold, while upon the same repose a brass jeweled cross and candlesticks holding lighted tapers. Westminster Abbey is somewhat "low church" so the usual candlesticks that are before the high altars of most churches are absent. These candles are generally some five feet in height, and some nine inches in circumference; and are inserted in huge candlesticks of brass that are some six feet high and stand on the floor.

But let us leave all these remnants of paganism so prevalent among the churches of this world and try and understand a few of the things that the guide is telling us. How would you like to see the identical stone upon which Jacob of old laid his head when he dreamed that famous dream of his out in the desert? Well here it is, or at least so says the guide, and I am sure that such a venerable looking old man would not descend to such things as telling fibs. This stone rests in the seat of an old looking chair (of which more anon). Upon this piece of rock kings and queens have sat when being crowned for the last thousand odd years, this stone you must know was captured from the Scotch when Edward I defeated King Baliol of Scotland in 1296. The Scots took this mysterious stone from some of the kings of Northern Ireland, so tradition says, before the time of Christ. At any rate the Scotch must have set a great store upon this old rough piece of granite, for they were deeply grieved and distressed when it was carried off to England. Since the time of Edward I. every English sovereign has been crowned seated upon that stone and doubtless if a coronation were attempted without the immedi-

ate presence of that piece of rock, superstition would at once look for some dire calamity to befall the monarch. The English daily newspapers only recently exposed an alleged plot on the part of the Irish Invincibles in Chicago to come over and steal that stone. The coronation chair to look at is a very unprepossessing affair, so much so that if you saw it in anyone's drawing room you would think they were very poor. Imagine a dark brown, old, worm-eaten, plain oak chair, furnished with a box in the seat that contains the wonderful old Stone of Scone. Further some vandal has cut his idiotic initials upon it; however, when any one undergoes coronation in this chair it is covered with gorgeous drapery and velvet hangings. Hidden from view from the choir and high altar by handsome stone screens and carved oak are the numerous chapels and shrines of saints. Each line of kings from time to time seem to have erected chapels wherein they were ultimately buried. Here in handsome time-defaced tombs lies the dust of Edward the Confessor King of England, together with the subsequent Edwards, Richard II, the two little princes so foully murdered in the Tower, Henry VII, Mary Queen of Scots, also the queen who signed her death warrant, Queen Bess, together with kings and princes galore. Oliver Cromwell was also buried here but upon Charles II ascending the throne his bones were burnt at the public execution place at Tyburn and the ashes scattered to the four winds. It is one thing to be born a king or prince and another to be a poet and a genius. Hence it is that the Poets' Corner has a fascination for the average visitor. In that little spot of a few square rods repose the mortal remains of some of the most noted poets,

musicians and actors, in some cases their bodies lie elsewhere but the memory of them is perpetuated by a tablet on the wall or a marble bust in a niche. On the left hand side is to be seen the tomb of Chaucer, one of the first of England's poets.

Immediately in front of this ancient tomb, that is defaced by time and age, recline the bodies of Tennyson and Robert Browning. Here are the graves and memorials of such men as Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Goldsmith, Dickens, Thackeray, Handel, the noted musical composer, Booth and David Garrick, the actors; and don't let us forget England's tribute to America, a small bust underneath which are the three words "Henry Wadsworth Long-

fellow." And as one gazes upon that piece of marble he almost finds himself repeating unconsciously,

"Under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands."

There is an amusing story told at the expense of the traveling, uncultured

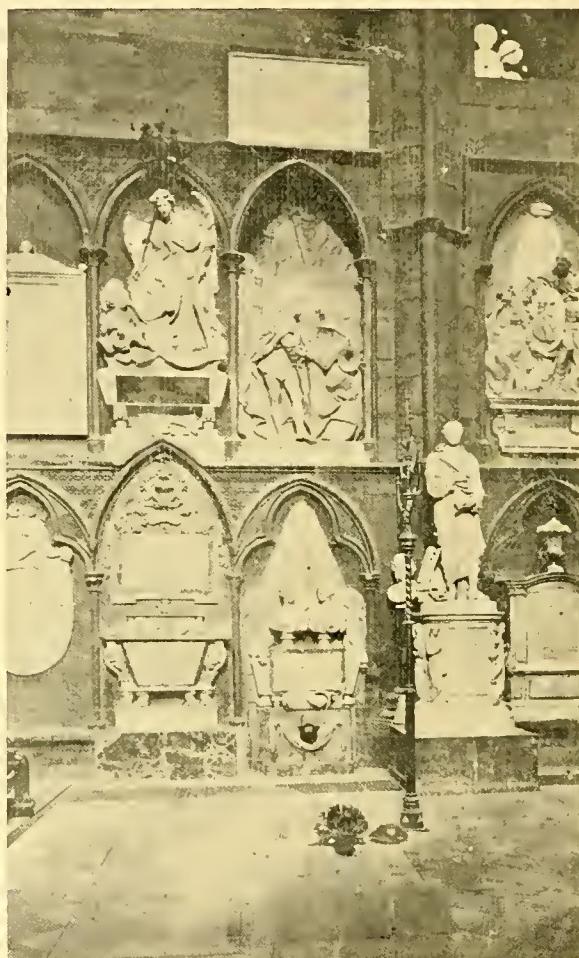
American at whom the English are always poking fun. One of these characters whose knowledge of poets was as limited as his dollars were unlimited, was observed to dart into the abbey and enquire frantically for the Poets' Corner, remarking that he had only ten minutes more in London but could not leave without seeing that well known spot. On being escorted to the Poets' Corner he stood speechless for a few moments, the guide meanwhile standing respectfully silent awaiting the outburst of passionate sentiment that usually ensues upon a first introduction. At last it came, "Wal I'll be doggoned! That Bill Shakespeare's monument? Why we have a better statoo of our mayor of Plunkville before the

opera house at home," and promptly left the Cathedral in disgust.

George E. Carpenter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVERY trial may teach a lesson.



POETS' CORNER.

A TRUE BEAR STORY.

I HAD frequently heard, while traveling over the Mojave Desert, of a terrible bear fight which Mr. Searles had when he was quite a young man. So when I met that gentleman in Los Angeles during a recent visit there, I took occasion to ask him for the details of the affair. Mr. Searles is now a very wealthy man, being the proprietor of large borax works not far from Death Valley in California.

"Mr. Searles," said I, "I understand you had a pretty hard bear fight when you were a young man. Do you mind giving me the particulars?"

The old gentleman smiled and said, "Just feel my chin and see what you think of it." He now wears a beard and to all appearances is a sound man, but upon feeling his chin one can easily believe that it has been terribly crushed at some time.

"How did an old hunter like you ever get caught in such a tight place as that?" I asked.

"Well, sit down and I'll tell you the whole story. This happened about twenty-five years ago when I was quite a young man and was a good deal more active than I am now. My partners and I had been prospecting out in the Sierra Nevadas. One morning we awoke to find that all our horses, with the exception of a colt which we kept tied up, had wandered off up the mountain. The snow was quite deep so that we could easily see which way they had gone.

After breakfast I volunteered to hunt them up. I saddled the colt, which by the way, was the meanest brute I ever tried to handle, and taking my rifle with me started on the trail. The horses must have left early in the night, as I tracked them for a number of miles without getting a glimpse of them. Suddenly

I came across the tracks of a bear and decided to follow them. Leaving my horse tied to a young sapling, I followed the bear track for some little distance and finally came upon a good-sized bear which I shot and killed. Marking the spot, so that I could bring the boys with me and get her skin, I started back for my horse. On my way back I crossed another track, this time an extremely large one. I decided to follow this one up also, and had not gone far when I discovered that the bear had a club foot, as though his foot had been broken at some time in his life. Now there was a bear, a grizzly, known to every hunter and prospector in the mountains as 'Old Club-foot.' He had killed several men, and a large reward had been offered to the man who would kill him. I suppose my previous success that morning had made me more venturesome than I otherwise would have been, but I determined to follow him up, and see if I could not earn the reward. I even began to count on what I would do with the money which I expected to receive. I tramped on through the snow for some little distance and finally came to a clump of very thick brush. In getting through this I lost the trail and was standing almost up to my knees in snow looking about when all at once I felt a warm breath on my cheek, and looking quickly around, was very much startled to see the big grizzly I had been following within a few feet of me. As quickly and as quietly as I could I brought my gun around and fired at him. He staggered for a moment, and I attempted to put another cartridge into my rifle, but before I could do so, he sprang at me. I tried to get out of his way, but the brush was too thick, and he caught me by the right shoulder with one of his immense paws, the claws of which went

through my clothes and deep into my flesh. My chin and neck he seized in his jaws. I felt the bones of my chin crush in his teeth, while at the same time he tore the muscles of my shoulder out. I do not know how long he held me, but when he did let go, I fell like a log and rolled a few feet away from him down the hill. I did not lose consciousness but remember distinctly how my enemy looked at me after I had fallen. He seemed undecided at first whether he would attack me again or not, and you can believe that I was much relieved to see him turn around and walk off in the other direction. I struggled to my feet and was astonished to find that my breath instead of going through my nostrils or mouth, seemed to go through my neck. I soon realized that a large hole had been bitten in my neck which seemed to have penetrated my windpipe. I found, however, that by holding my chin tight against my breast I could close this aperture and thereby breathe in the natural way. I tried to retrace my steps to my horse, but had only gone a few feet when I fell unconscious. I am not sure how long I laid there, but I think about two hours, as it was along in the afternoon when I recovered. I was wet and cold and covered with blood, though the bleeding seemed now to have ceased. Again I struggled to my feet and started in the direction I supposed my horse was. But I had not gone far when I came across a large pool of blood, and I saw that the bear had fallen and bled there, and had then gone on again. I then saw that I had been going in the wrong direction and turned the other way. After walking, it seemed to me, about an hour, I came in sight of my horse.

"But here a new difficulty presented itself. The sight of me covered as I

was with blood, drove the animal almost frantic. He pulled back until I was afraid he would break away. Fortunately I had tied him to a young tree which would give a little when he pulled, otherwise he surely would have broken loose. By speaking to him and coming up slowly, I at last managed to get close enough to him to pat him. By this time I was so weak and worn out that it seemed impossible for me to remain on my feet, and several times I almost made up my mind to lie down and run chances of dying. But I have always enjoyed life, and the thoughts of giving it up were not at all pleasant. The horse had always been a difficult one to mount, and of course under these circumstances he was worse than ever. I tied his head as close to the tree as I could, and then tried to accustom him to my putting my foot in the stirrup. As I could only use my left arm this was no easy task, and it seemed to me a full hour before I could get him to stand while I put my foot up. Then I quietly untied him and putting my foot again in the stirrup managed to get into the saddle. He sprang down the mountain-side at a break-neck pace, and I was so weak that I could not hold him. I will never forget the pain I endured during that ride.

"Well, to make a long story short, I reached camp. Our horses had returned during the day, and the boys hitched up and drove forty miles to take me to the nearest settlement. No doctor was there, so they decided to take me to Los Angeles. It was nearly four days after the accident, before I received any medical attention. In fact, none of my clothing had been removed, nor my wounds dressed in that time.

"I was taken to the hospital, and the doctors commenced taking my clothes off. I remember I had on a suit of new

red underwear, and as the doctor was cutting them off, I raised up and said, 'Doctor, cut that undershirt down the seam so that I can wear it again.' The doctor looked at me in astonishment. I know he never expected to see me leave the hospital alive—in fact, he told me so afterward; but I did, and wore that same shirt many times."

"Did you ever find out whether the bear was killed or not?"

"No, not for certain. Two men went up on the trail to see whether they could find him or not. They had with them a young dog which trotted ahead of them most of the time. Suddenly he came rushing back along the trail with his eyes almost bulging out of his head, his hair all turned toward his ears and yelping in absolute terror. The men seemed to partake of his fright, for they got out of there as quickly as they could. The next time an attempt was made to find the bear, the snow had all melted and all chances of tracking him were lost. So his body was never found, though I am sure the wound I gave him was a mortal one. I think I could have gone back to the place after I got well again, and I often thought I would, but somehow, other things came up and I never did."

OUR JUBILEE.

Beneath dear Madre's pines I take my pen,
Then musing look around on nook and glen,
On peak and cliff and rippling waterfall,
While listening to the wild bird's gentle call.

I take my pen to paint a far-off scene,
That dwells in memory's chambers fresh and green;
Fair Utah's vales when solitude sublime,
Reigned in that land beloved of every clime.

Our mighty lake kissed by the setting sun,
A fond good-night when his day's course was run,
There too the gentle moonbeams loved to rest,
Like diamonds sparkling on the wavelets crest.

It's bosom mirrored back the twinkling stars,
The Northern Bear, and star of battle, Mars,
And Utah's waters come with tribute meet,
Through Jordan's banks the mighty one to greet.

But hark! A sound breaks on the startled ear,
Of sleeping wolf and wild bird hovering near;
Slowly a coach drives up the long divide,
And longing eyes gaze on the valley wide.

Now a calm voice awakes the silence deep,
Methinks the hosts above for joy did weep;
It was our Brigham's voice, deep, strong and true,
"There is the place of rest, dear Saints, for you."

And then did Ensign hear and shout aloud,
Until it reached old Nebo, strong and proud,
Who swept the cloud from off his hoary brow,
And shouted back, "The time has come—is now."

I see that little band, their journey done,
The pathway leading towards the setting sun,
Is marked for those who follow in the wake,
Of our loved exiles for the Gospel's sake.

Brigham, the mighty lion of the Lord,
Heber, the Lord's anointed, hear his word,
With Jedediah, Wilford, Orson, all
Who heard and answered to Jehovah's call.

To gather out from Babel, "Come to Me
That I may firmly plant My Gospel Tree,
And gather neath its shade from lands afar,
My chosen ones who watch for Bethlehem's star."

New backward gaze o'er that long devious way,
On land or sea no hand had power to stay
That mighty throng with face toward Zion turned
Where the true Gospel light in splendor burned.

And thus the years rolled on and cities grew
With towns and villas neath the vaulted blue
Of freedom's skies, and freedom's mountain air
Brought forth a race, brave, noble, true and fair.

"On the mountain tops appearing
Lo the sacred herald stands,"
From out the past, from—"Oh ye mountains high,"
These words come wafted on the breezes by.

It is that self same band of pioneers,
Gone forth with song and joyous heartfelt cheers,
To celebrate their freedom's natal day,
Where God and Nature grand alone hold sway.

They flung their banners forth upon the breeze,
High over the mountain crags, amid the trees,
That sang their low sweet songs for ages past,
Or moaned and wailed beneath the wintry blast.

And still the years rolled on and brought their train
Of joys and sorrows, happiness and pain,
The heritage of mortals here below,
Where thorns amid the fairest flowers grow.

July the twenty-fourth, eighteen and forty-seven,
A day recorded in the great archives of heaven,
Now from that day we count our fifty years,
Each mile-stone carved with soulfult hopes and fears.

Utah's great Jubilee we celebrate,
A desert changed into a garden state,
Long silence broken by sweet songs of praise,
Glad strains of music which her children raise.

Unto our God whose hand prepared the way,
That we might here immortalize this day.
For Saints of every land and every clime,
Will join in hallelujahs, grand, sublime.

Our silent city on the mountain side
Holds many a form that fell in manhood's pride,
Or laid them down to rest, life's labor done,
Leaving to other hands the work so well begun.

Twine the wild lillies with the roses sweet,
Emblems with purity and love replete,
With myrtle bind to form a fadless crown,
For brows that faced the battle 'til life's sun went down.

Hail to our Fiftieth year, our Jubilee,
Hail to our glorious living Gospel Tree,
Hail to our Lord and God, our Savior King,
Let Zion's borders with glad anthems ring.

Ring in, ring in the great millennial day,
And scatter darkness with its glorious ray,
When Christ shall reign and Satan shall be bound,
And universal peace on earth be found.

When from God's Acre shall come forth our own,
That we have laid away with bitter moan,
When the deep sea shail yield her precious store
And we our loved ones meet to part no more.

Hope.

ONE is not sufficiently fortified against a doctrine when only acquainted with its weak sides.

THE soul is a soil which requires to be dug and stirred deeply, otherwise nothing will grow in it but weeds.

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY, ALL BUT FULFILLED.

EDITOR JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR:

The enclosed statement from Elder John Ellison will, no doubt, prove interesting reading to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

I presume that many hundreds of similar certificates might have been collected from old time Elders if pains had been taken to collate them. A man without the divine spirit of prophecy would (if a reputable person) run a big risk to make a bold and unequivocal prophecy like unto this one. Truly President Kimball was a great prophet.

Respectfully yours,

A. Milton Musser.

Salt Lake City, June 22, 1897.

LET IT BE KNOWN, that on the 6th day of January, 1838, the following nine persons were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in Waddington Mill Dam, near Preston, England, by Elder Joseph Fielding, viz: Richard Spencer and wife; William Moss and wife; Robert Cundall; Mrs. Isabel Rushton and her son John Rushton; David Moss and John Ellison. That on the Sunday week following we were all confirmed into the Church by Elders Heber C. Kimball and Joseph Fielding. That after the confirmation Elder Kimball prophesied that not one of the nine souls would ever apostatize. Let it be further known that at this writing all of the nine are dead, except myself, and that all died faithful to the Gospel of Christ as preached by the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Witness my hand,

John Ellison

KAYSVILLE.

Verging on 80 years of age, and of the Old folk's Party.

Our Little Folks.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Solomon's Temple.

WHEN David was the king he was very anxious to build a temple for the Lord. But there were so many wars that he had no chance to do so, and the Lord told him that his son, who would be the king after him, might build it. So when Solomon became the king of Israel he sent word to his friend Hiram, king of Tyre, that he wanted to build the temple, and would like his help, for they had such splendid trees in Hiram's country and such skillful hewers.

King Hiram was very much pleased that his friend Solomon was going to build a house to the Lord, and said at once that his men might help him, and they made a bargain that Solomon was to furnish food for Hiram's men while they worked.

The city of Tyre was quite a distance north of Jerusalem and was also some distance back from the Mediterranean Sea. The men of Tyre were to cut the trees down and take them to the sea and float them down to the landing place that would be nearest to Jerusalem, as that was the principal city of the Israelites, and the place where the temple was to be built. Solomon and Hiram at once set men to work. Some of them cut down the trees and hewed them into the proper shape, and some carried them down to the sea. Some cut and hewed the stones, and some were to have charge of the workmen.

Solomon had altogether one hundred and eighty-five thousand workmen engaged in the work of preparing for the temple but they did not all work at the same time. About one-third of them, or

nearly fifty thousand men, would work a month and then go home for two months and then work again. You see the three divisions took the work in turns so there were always about fifty thousand men at work.

The stones were all cut and hewed in the quarries, far away from the temple site, and the trees were hewed into proper shape before they were brought to Solomon, so that in putting up the building there was no sound of hammer nor ax, nor of any iron tools, for every stone and piece of timber were made just the right size for the place they belonged before they were brought to the house, so that each piece fitted perfectly in its own place without any changing or alterations.

A part of the house was two stories high, with winding stairs to go up to the second story.

The stones that were used in building the temple were very large, and they were very fine and costly, and for the timbers to make the walls and floor and furniture they used fir and olive and almyg trees and another kind of trees called cedars of Lebanon, which were large, magnificent trees.

The walls were made of cedar and were handsomely carved all round about with pretty designs of trees, flowers and open work, and then everything was covered with a coating of gold so that it looked as if the floor and walls were made of gold.

The tables were made of gold; and the altar of incense, the candle-sticks and snuffers and many other things were of pure gold.

They were seven years in building the temple, and when finished it was very beautiful indeed. In fact, for many years it was considered the most magnificent building in all the world.

When the temple was finished the priests brought from the tabernacle the ark of the covenant, which contained the two tables of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments that the Lord had given to Moses for all the people to obey, when the Israelites were camping in the wilderness near Mt. Sinai.

They set the ark in the place that had been prepared for it, and then the glory of the Lord filled the house like a thick cloud to show the people that He was pleased with the house they had built for Him. Then King Solomon dedicated the house to the Lord. The Lord told him that if he remained faithful he would be blessed and there should always be some one to occupy the throne of Israel and to be a leader for the people. But if he should fail to keep the commandments of God the kingdom should be broken up and the people scattered over all the earth and become a byword among all nations, and the temple be destroyed.

You may think that Solomon was such a good man that he did not need that warning but we shall see by and by.

The Queen of Sheba heard of the great wealth and wisdom of Solomon and she made him a visit to see for herself if what she had heard was all true, and to try him with hard questions.

She brought with her a great many servants, and camels, which carried large quantities of costly spices and precious stones and gold to give as a present to King Solomon, and when he had answered all her questions, and she had seen the beautiful temple and his own magnificent house and its furnishings, and the apparel of his servants, and how well trained they were she was greatly surprised, and she told the king that she did not believe the reports which she heard of him in her own country so she had come to see for herself, and she

found that even half of his wisdom and wealth had not been told her.

She then gave King Solomon the presents she had brought for him, and he gave presents to her and then she went home again to her own country.

Celia A. Smith.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

LAIE OAHU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

June 17th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I am a little Hawaiian boy.

My name is Kaaku-Eleakala. I am nine years old. I heard the letters to you read in Sunday School. I thought I would try and write a letter.

My brother Nahulu went to Zion last April. I go to Sunday School and Primary. We had a nice time on Brigham Young's birthday.

Kaaku-Eleakala.

LOA, June 5th, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I like to read the stories in the JUVENILE. I will be seven years old on the 14th of June.

Last summer I had the diphtheria and was very sick. Brother Robinson administered to me and told me I would get well. I told mamma if she would quit giving me medicine I would get well, she quit then and in two days I was almost well.

Florence Forsyth. Age 6 years.

STRAWBERRY RANCH,

June 15th, 1897.

DEAR CHILDREN.—Thinking the readers of the JUVENILE would like to hear from this part of the country, I thought I would write about our ranch. Our ranch is fifteen miles from Springerville, Apache County, Arizona, up in the mountains. There is lots of nice green grass and

tall trees. There are a great many kinds of flowers on the ranch. There are quite a few strawberries on our ranch. There is plenty of water to water our garden and farm. There are lots of sheep in this part of the country. We milk cows and raise quite a lot of potatoes.

Mauretta Eagar. Aged 9 years.

EAGARVILLE, APACHE CO., ARIZONA.

PROVO CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I will tell you about our dog. His name is Rover. My little sister Cossetta is five years old; she has curly hair and black eyes. The dog, Rover, likes Cossetta very much. He follows her about wherever she goes. If she is off playing, and we do not know where she is, we can always find her by the dog. My sister and I take the cow away to feed in the morning; and Rover goes with us, and helps us with the cow. We think a great deal of our good, faithful dog.

Alberta Singleton. Age 10 years.

TEASDALE, June 18th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I love to read the little letters in the JUVENILE so well that I have coaxed mamma to let me write one.

On the twenty-eighth of last May I was eight years old.

Mamma let me have a birthday party. I invited my cousins and playmates, who came and made times pleasant. After a program was carried out, we had some nice picnic, and then played games. I thought it was the happiest day I had ever seen, and all seemed to enjoy it. I have two brothers Lewis and George and one sweet little baby sister; she has brown hair and blue eyes; her name is Florence.

Addie Adams.

WEST JORDAN, SALT LAKE CO., UTAH,
June, 4th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—Our school is closed now. We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I love to read it. The little letters are so interesting, I thought I would like to join with others in writing them.

We have strawberries and cream almost every day.

I have a brother on a mission. His name is James A. Bateman, and he is enjoying his labors.

We should be good to everybody, and love our neighbors as ourselves.

Nettie M. Bateman. Age 11 years.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

June 24th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—We have two little boys. They are almost the same size, and are often taken for twins, although Karl is nineteen months older than Benny. Karl is three years old. He and Benny love each other so well one will not eat if the other is not with him. And if one gets hurt and cries, the other cries too. Mamma dresses them alike, and they look so pretty when they are ready for Sunday School. Our house is only a little way from the meeting house, and papa takes us all to Sunday School with him.

Grace Elders. Age 8 years.

WOODRUFF, ARIZONA.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I will tell of an incident that happened one day when Presidents George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith were here at our house, in the year 1892. They came to Arizona to attend the Pinetop Conference. I live in Woodruff, Arizona, and our house was close by the cliffs. After the brethren started to take the train, pa, ma and myself went to fast meeting, leav-

ing my two sisters at home, to tend the baby.

We had been gone a short time, when my sisters heard a strange noise which frightened them very much. The younger one, stepping out onto the porch to hear more plainly which direction the noise came from, stepped over a large crack in the floor, and felt something soft, like hair, brush her foot, for she had no shoes on. Looking down, she saw it was some kind of a wild animal. Some boys were passing, and the girls asked them to go to meeting and tell pa what they had seen. Pa came and shot the animal under the porch. It proved to be a wild cat. We were very thankful that it had not hurt anyone.

Louie May Savage. Age 9 years.

Notes From a Little Journal.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 422.)

At 8.30 that morning, we reached Portland, where we stayed until 1 p.m. We then traveled on for Seattle, Washington, for two or three hours still passing the lovely scenery near the Columbia River. Then the train seemed to stop, and for some time we sat there, almost in darkness, as there was a train of cars on each side of us. The passengers began going out to see what was happening. We got out on the platform, and found the three trains of cars were on a ferry boat, and we were more than half way across that great river. When we landed on the other side of it, we were no longer in Oregon, but in Washington.

We arrived at Seattle a 8.20 p.m. Stayed at the Northern Hotel, and had two excellent rooms for 75 cents a piece.

Jan. 6th, 1897. At 9.15, left Seattle for Vancouver, British Columbia. Traveled thirty-two miles along the margin

of Puget Sound, named for Henry Puget, the discoverer. The trees along the banks of the Sound were very lovely, some of the foliage appearing like ferns.

On the Sound were steamers traveling between Seattle and Vancouver, where we could have a good view of them from the train. Also little boats with fishermen in them, were scattered about on the water. Some of the men were just throwing their nets in; some were resting with their nets already in; some were just taking them out; while others had them out, and were sorting their fish over, and throwing those they did not want back into the water.

We crossed a very large river, called the Snohomish River; then traveled through very heavy, tall timber, inland, about two or three miles from the Sound, for a distance of fifty-five miles. All along there, the land is extremely rich. The timber is mainly red cedar, spruce, and fir. Beautiful ferns, sometimes growing in clusters and sustaining each other extend far up the hillsides for a height of sixteen feet. In places, the trees are so close together, one can only look on the outside of the forest as at a wall.

At the end of the fifty-five miles inland travel, we looked down a steep hill to the left or west of us at a very beautiful little lake called the Samish Lake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some of our young writers may never have heard that when writing for printers only one side of a sheet of paper should be written on. But this is a rule they must all learn and practice. And the children are again requested to be sure and write their names very plainly.

L. L. G. R.

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Highest Honors—World's Fair,
Gold Medal—Midwinter Fair.

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Should have the best and strongest suits that can be made. We will say right here, this is the department we pay the most attention to, as the boys of today will be the men of tomorrow. We do not claim our 75c boys' knee pants suits are as good as the ones we sell for \$1.50, but the all wool ones at \$2.00 are worth double the price, for a boy hard on his clothes the \$2.50 and \$3.00 ones, with double seat and knees, elastic waistbands and the warranted not to rip are the thing, the \$4.00 and \$5.00 ones are just as big bargains, as they are made of very fine cloth, and the tailors have put no extra work.

BOYS' LONG PANTS SUIT.

Our stock of boys' long pants suits for boys from 12 to 18 years is very complete. You may want a cheap suit; we have them at \$2.00, better ones at 3.50. Our all wool ones at \$5 would cost you \$9.00 to \$10.00 for anywhere else; our \$7.50 ones are well made, well trimmed and made from the best of wool. Don't go to other stores and pay \$12.00 for the same suit.

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SELLING DATES.

Ogden, Santaquin and intermediate points, July 17 and 18.

All points north of Ogden (In Utah,) and from points on the Salt Lake & Western Branch, July 16 and 17.

All other points in Utah, and from all points in Idaho, July 16.

All tickets to be limited to continuous passage in each direction, with final limit July 26, 1897.

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From three to twelve hours quicker to all above points than any other line.

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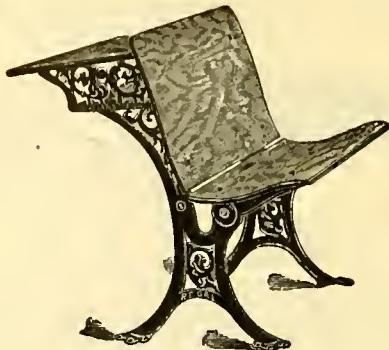
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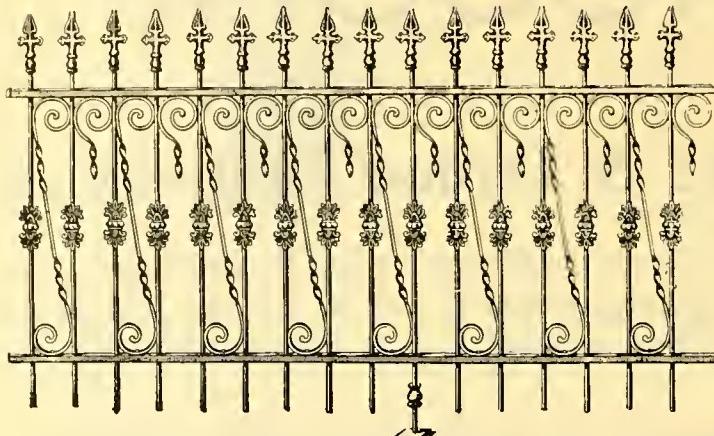
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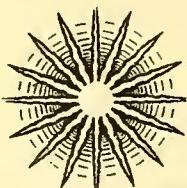


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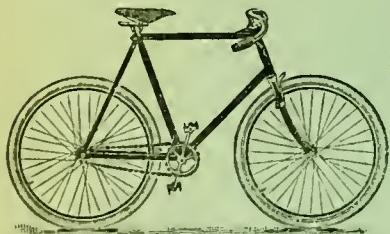
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